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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP
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DAREDEVIL
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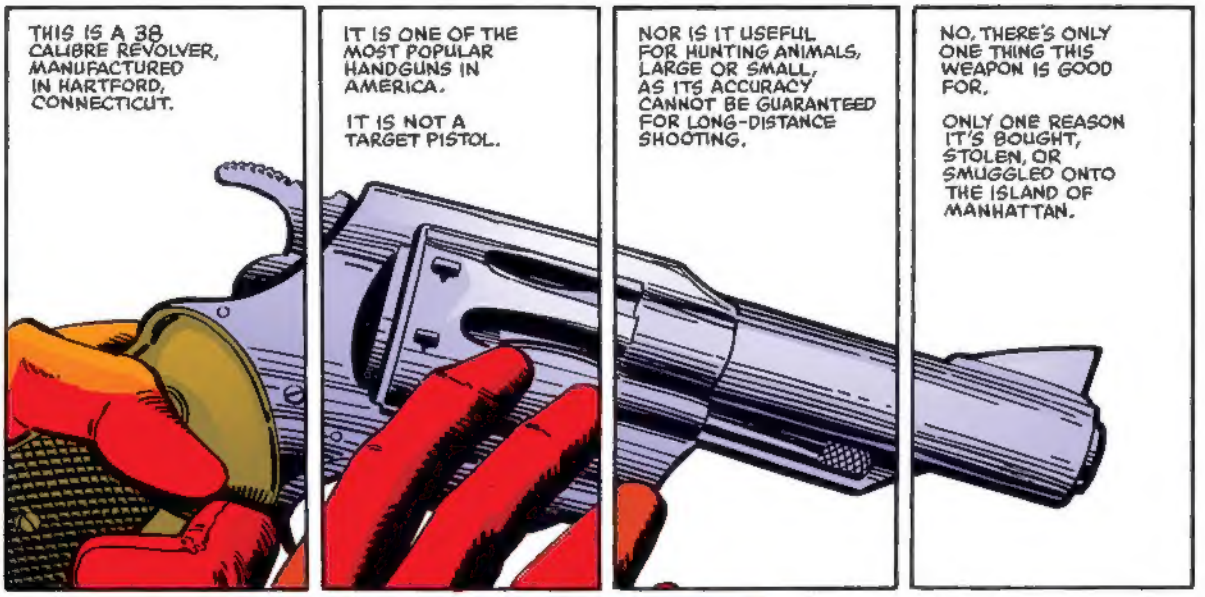
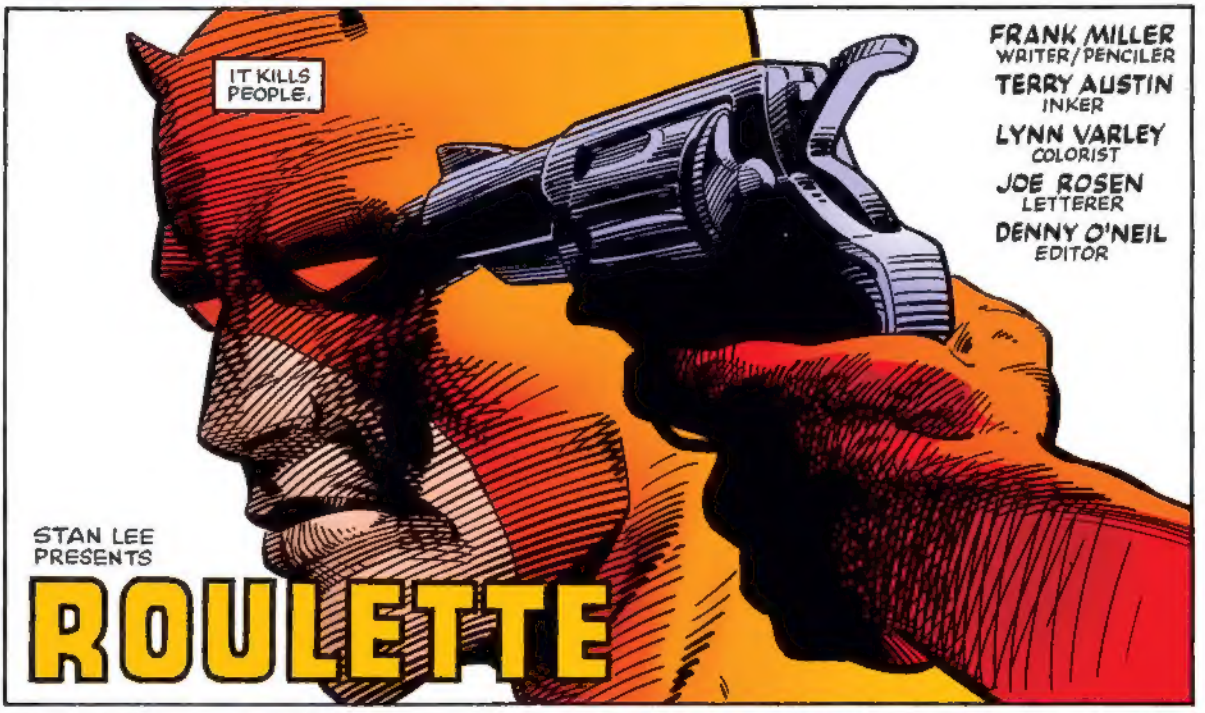
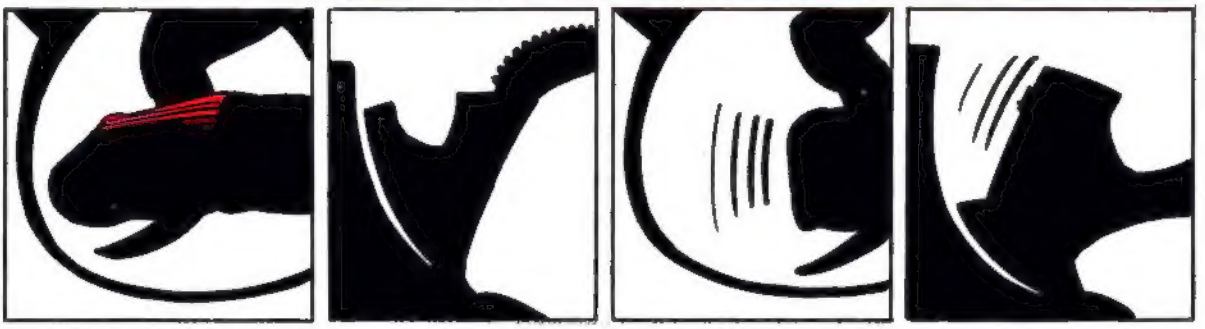
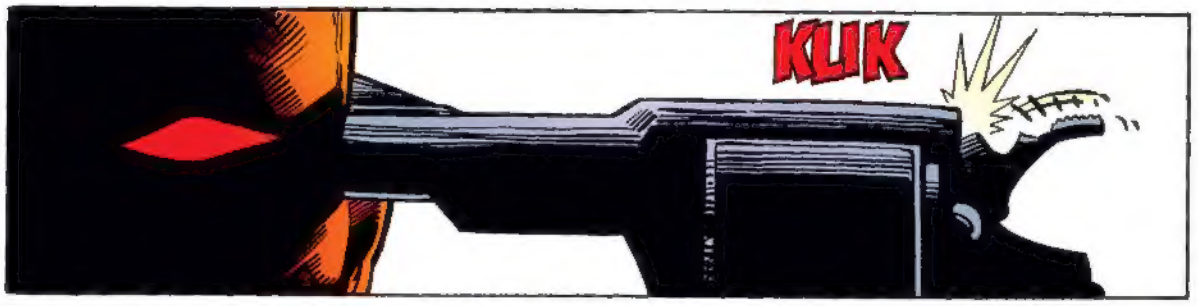
TM
HOW DOES A MAN SEARCH FOR HIS OWN SOUL?

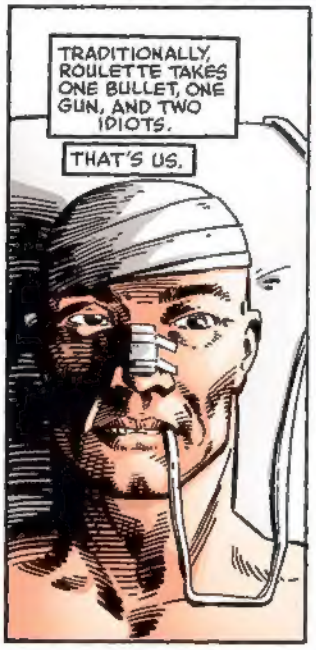

THIS IS A 38 CALIBRE REVOLVER, MANUFACTURED IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
IT IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR HANDGUNS IN AMERICA.
IT IS NOT A TARGET PISTOL.
NOR IS IT USEFUL FOR HUNTING ANIMALS, LARGE OR SMALL, AS ITS ACCURACY CANNOT BE GUARANTEED FOR LONG-DISTANCE SHOOTING.
NO, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THIS WEAPON IS GOOD FOR.
ONLY ONE REASON IT'S BOUGHT, STOLEN, OR SMUGGLED ONTO THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN.


IT KILLS PEOPLE.
FRANK MILLER
WRITER/PENCILER
TERRY AUSTIN
INKER
LYNN VARLEY
COLORIST
JOE ROSEN
LETTERER
DENNY O'NEIL
EDITOR
STAN LEE
PRESENTS
ROULETTE

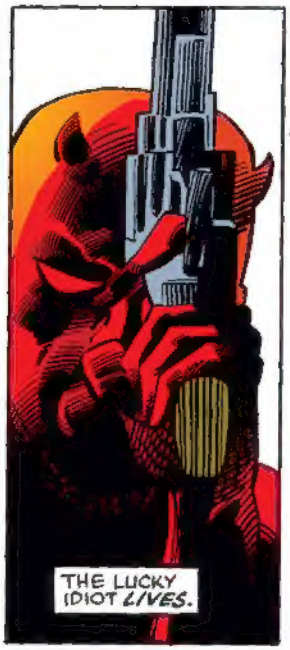



KLIK

YOU MUST BE WONDERING WHY I CAME HERE, BULLSEYE. WHY *DAREDEVIL*, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, IDOL OF MILLIONS, WASTES A LOVELY AUTUMN EVENING IN THE COMPANY OF HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY.
THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE ENOUGH.
I'M HERE TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOU.
IT'S CALLED *ROULETTE*. BUT NOT THE KIND YOU PLAY IN A CASINO.

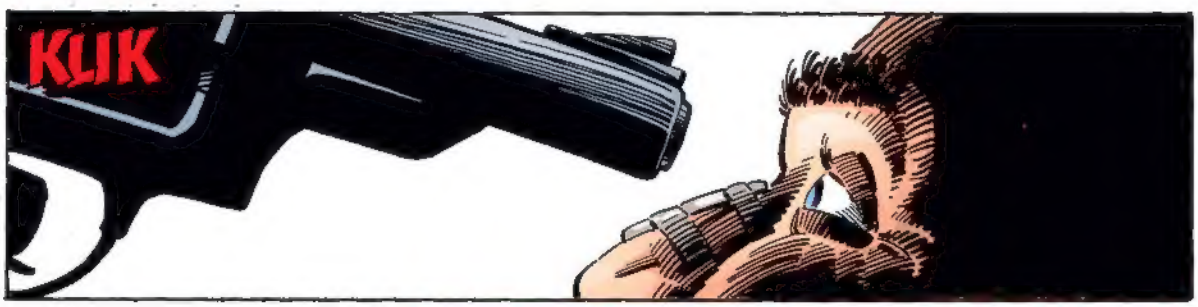

TRADITIONALLY, ROULETTE TAKES ONE BULLET, ONE GUN, AND TWO IDIOTS.
THAT'S US.

THE TWO IDIOTS TAKE TURNS POINTING THE PISTOL AT THEIR OWN HEADS AND PULLING THE TRIGGER.


THE LUCKY IDIOT *LIVES*.

YOU FEEL *LUCKY*, BULLSEYE?

IT'S YOUR *TURN*.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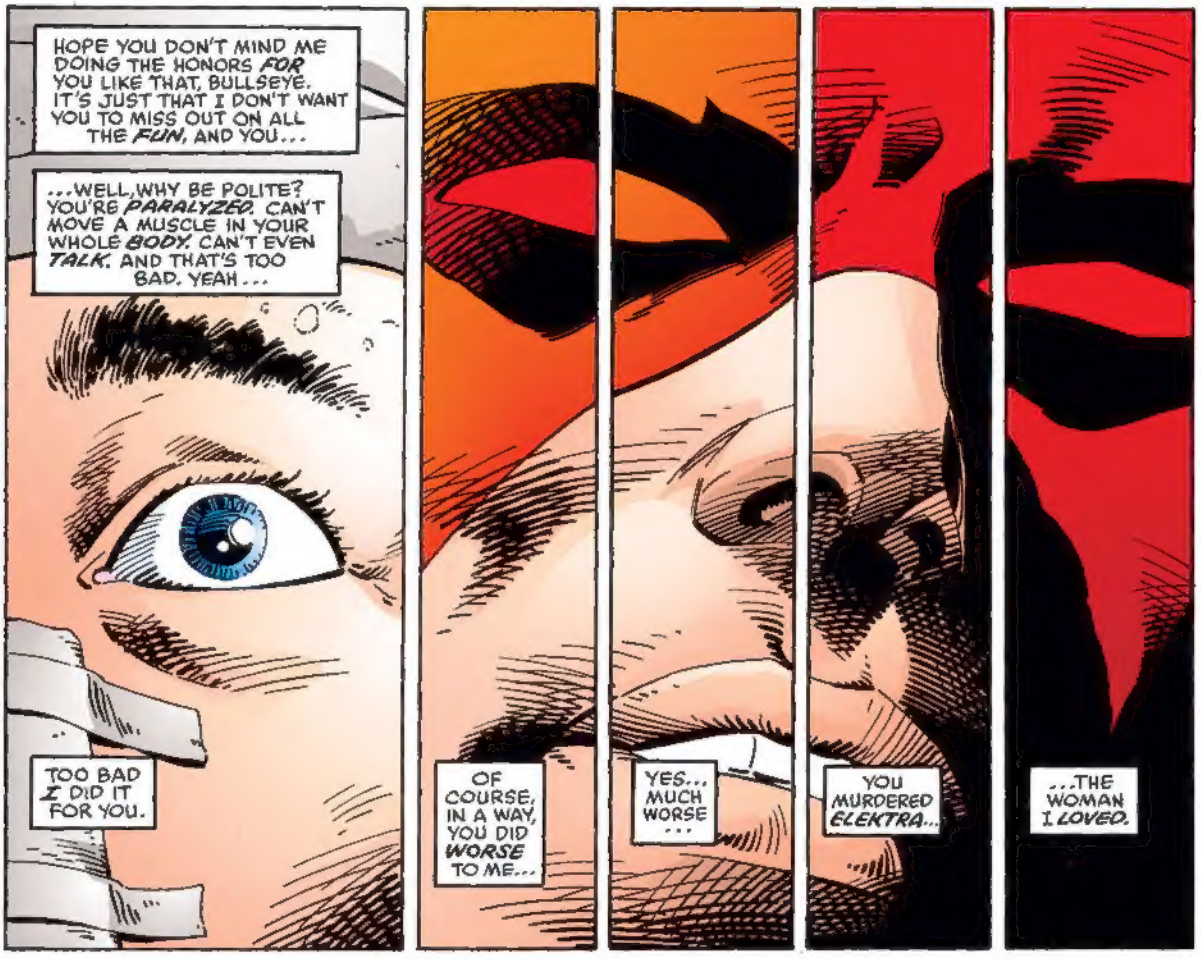
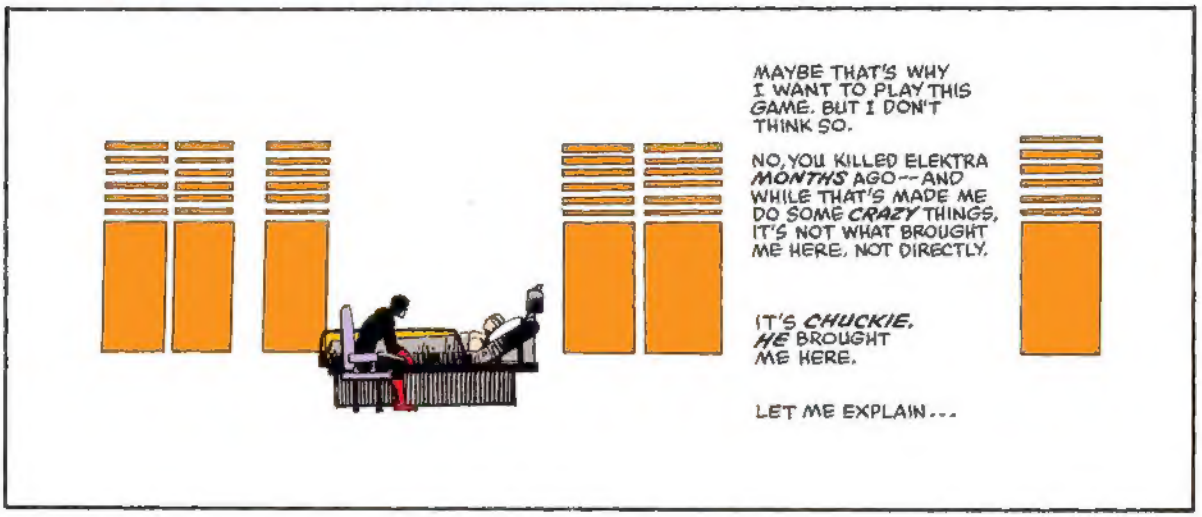

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME DOING THE HONORS FOR YOU LIKE THAT, BULLSEYE. IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T WANT YOU TO MISS OUT ON ALL THE FUN, AND YOU...
...WELL, WHY BE POLITE? YOU'RE PARALYZED. CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE IN YOUR WHOLE BODY. CAN'T EVEN TALK. AND THAT'S TOO BAD, YEAH...
TOO BAD I DID IT FOR YOU.
OF COURSE, IN A WAY, YOU DID WORSE TO ME...
YES... MUCH WORSE...
YOU MURDERED ELEKTRA...
...THE WOMAN I LOVED.


MAYBE THAT'S WHY I WANT TO PLAY THIS GAME. BUT I DON'T THINK SO.
NO, YOU KILLED ELEKTRA MONTHS AGO -- AND WHILE THAT'S MADE ME DO SOME CRAZY THINGS, IT'S NOT WHAT BROUGHT ME HERE. NOT DIRECTLY.
IT'S CHUCKIE. HE BROUGHT ME HERE.
LET ME EXPLAIN...

I WAS IN MY *SECRET IDENTITY* --AS *MATT MURDOCK*, FIRST CLASS *ATTORNEY*-- WHEN I MET CHUCKIE. THE SECRET IDENTITY CAN BE A *RELIEF*, BULLSEYE. WHEN I'M MURDOCK, I DON'T HAVE TO USE MY AMPLIFIED SENSES TO PRETEND I'M NOT *BLIND*.

ANYWAY, IT TOOK MY PARTNER AN HOUR AND A HALF TO CONVINCE ME TO REPRESENT *HANK JURGENS*. I'D ARGUED THAT IT WAS A JOB FOR A FIRST YEAR PUBLIC DEFENDER. FOGGY'D TOLD ME IT WOULD BE GOOD *THERAPY*.

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MISTER MURDOCK, COME *IN*...

...SO GLAD YOU COULD COME *BY*.

GUESS YOU COULDN'T RESIST A *HOME COOKED* MEAL. GOOD FOR THE *SOUL*.

CHUCKIE! WHAT'RE YOU *DOIN'*, BOY?

WATCHIN' THAT *VIDEO MACHINE* AGAIN. THE *DAREDEVIL* TAPE, RIGHT?

I SWEAR... WHY COULDN'T I HAVE A SON WHO WATCHES *FOOTBALL* WITH ME, LIKE A *NORMAL* BOY?

SORRY, POPPA.

DINNER TIME, BOY. GET YOUR *HANDS* WASHED.

YES, POPPA.

TAPE'S FROM ONE OF THEM *TV* SPECIALS, SHOWIN' WHEN DAREDEVIL CLOBBERED THAT *BULLSEYE* IN A *TV STUDIO*.

HAPPENED A YEAR OR TWO BACK.

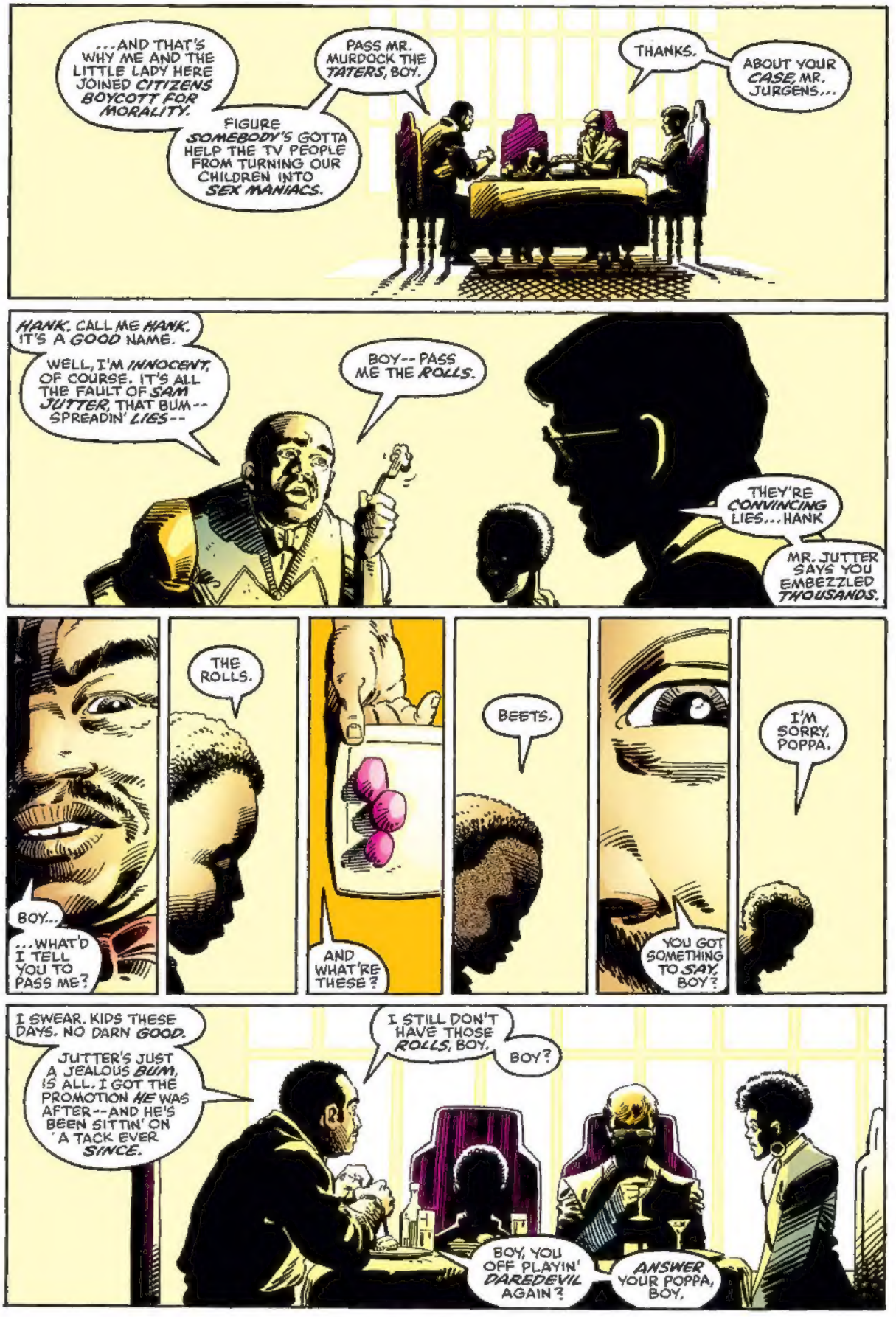
I... HEARD ABOUT IT.

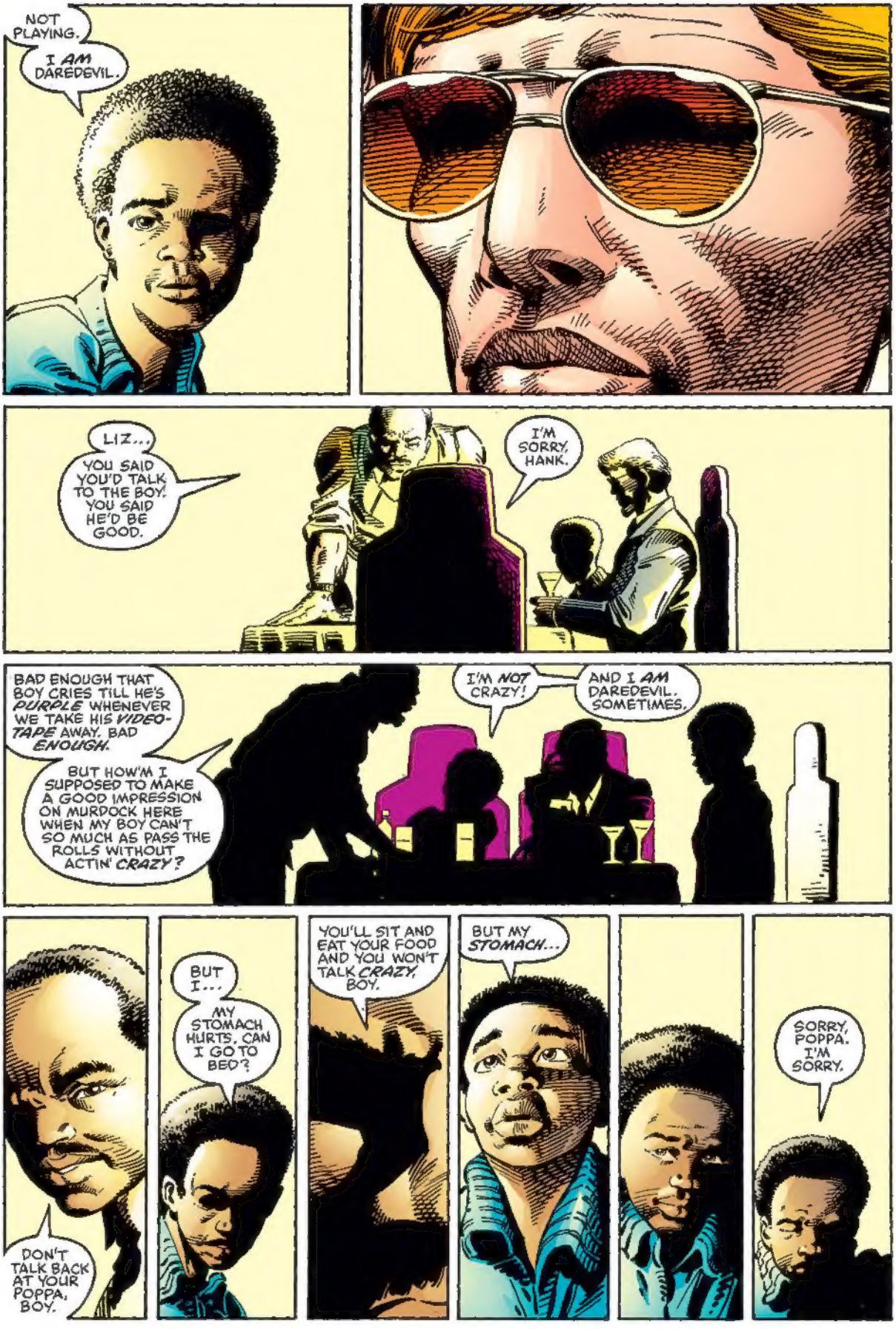
YEAH, THAT'S *RIGHT*. GUESS YOU COULDN'T HAVE *SEEN* IT.

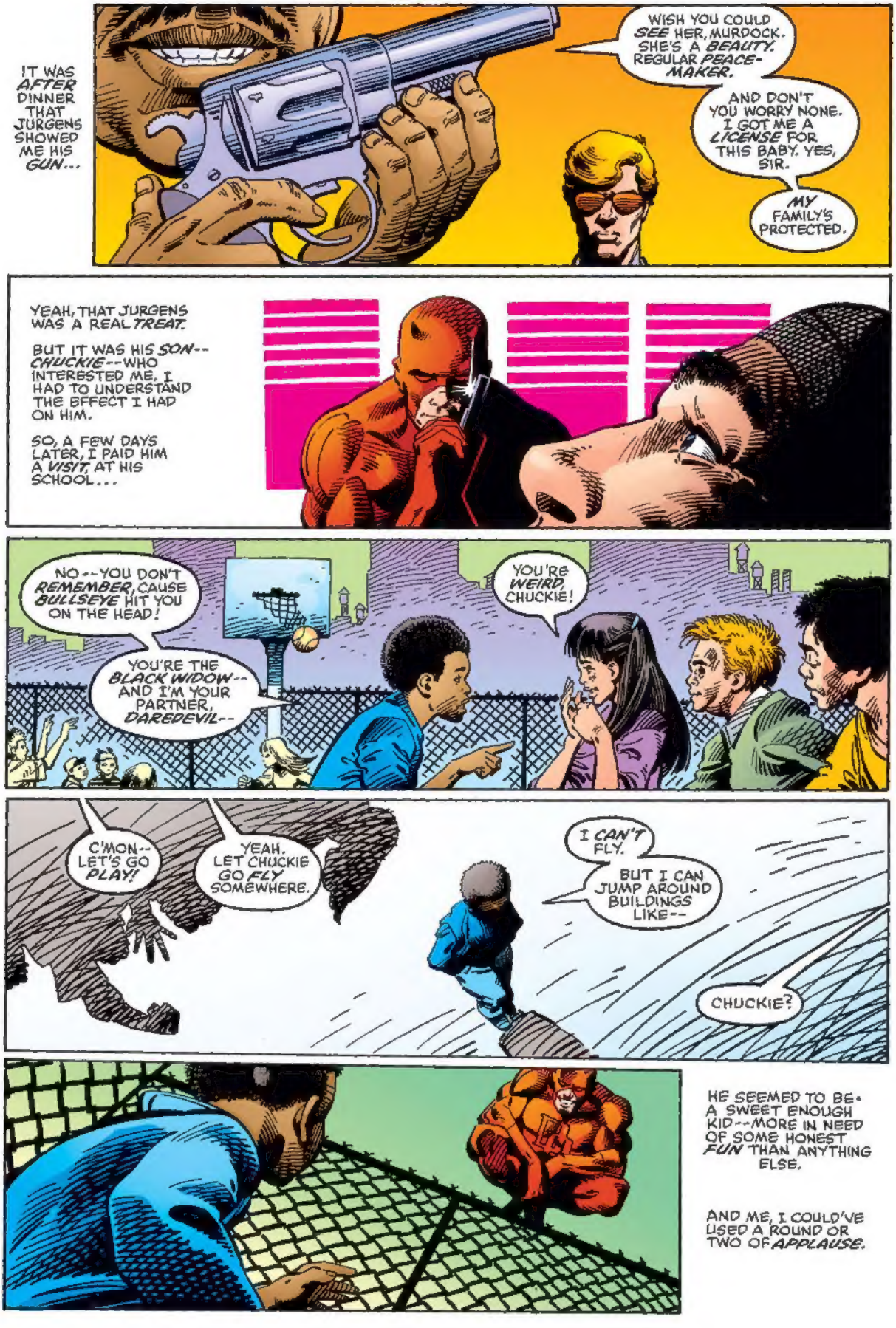
WELL, YOU AIN'T *MISSIN'* NOTHING, MURDOCK.

THOSE TV PEOPLE LOOK OUT FOR ANY CHANCE TO SHOW SOMETHING *VIOLENT*... OR *WORSE*.

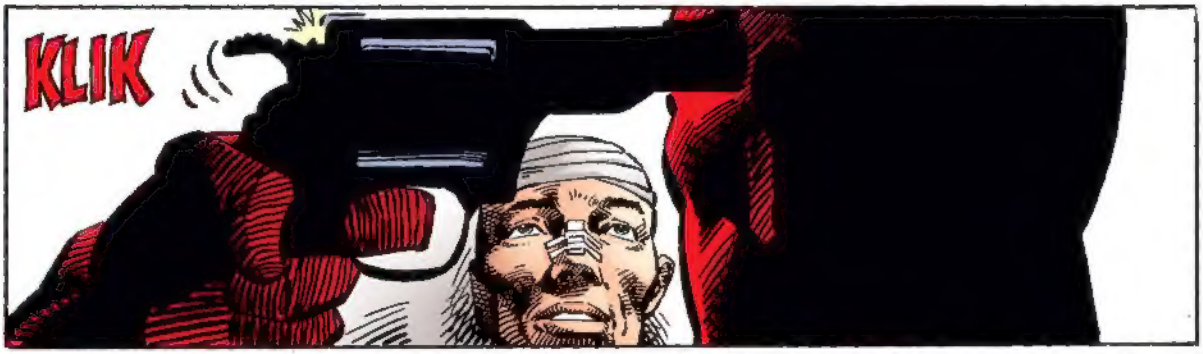
KLIK


...AND THAT'S WHY ME AND THE LITTLE LADY HERE JOINED CITIZENS BOYCOTT FOR MORALITY.
FIGURE SOMEBODY'S GOTTA HELP THE TV PEOPLE FROM TURNING OUR CHILDREN INTO SEX MANIACS.
PASS MR. MURDOCK THE TATERS, BOY.
THANKS.
ABOUT YOUR CASE, MR. JURGENS...
HANK. CALL ME HANK. IT'S A GOOD NAME.
WELL, I'M INNOCENT, OF COURSE. IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF SAM JUTTER, THAT BUM-- SPREADIN' LIES--
BOY-- PASS ME THE ROLLS.
THEY'RE CONVINCING LIES... HANK
MR. JUTTER SAYS YOU EMBEZZLED THOUSANDS.
BOY...
...WHAT'D I TELL YOU TO PASS ME?
THE ROLLS.
AND WHAT'RE THESE?
BEETS.
YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, BOY?
I'M SORRY, POPPA.
I SWEAR. KIDS THESE DAYS. NO DARN GOOD.
JUTTER'S JUST A JEALOUS BUM, IS ALL. I GOT THE PROMOTION HE WAS AFTER--AND HE'S BEEN SITTIN' ON A TACK EVER SINCE.
I STILL DON'T HAVE THOSE ROLLS, BOY.
BOY?
BOY, YOU OFF PLAYIN' DAREDEVIL AGAIN?
ANSWER YOUR POPPA, BOY.


NOT PLAYING.
I AM DAREDEVIL.
LIZ... YOU SAID YOU'D TALK TO THE BOY. YOU SAID HE'D BE GOOD.
I'M SORRY, HANK.
BAD ENOUGH THAT BOY CRIES TILL HE'S PURPLE WHENEVER WE TAKE HIS VIDEO-TAPE AWAY. BAD ENOUGH.
BUT HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON MURDOCK HERE WHEN MY BOY CAN'T SO MUCH AS PASS THE ROLLS WITHOUT ACTIN' CRAZY?
I'M NOT CRAZY!
AND I AM DAREDEVIL. SOMETIMES.
DON'T TALK BACK AT YOUR POPPA, BOY.
BUT I... MY STOMACH HURTS. CAN I GO TO BED?
YOU'LL SIT AND EAT YOUR FOOD AND YOU WON'T TALK CRAZY, BOY.
BUT MY STOMACH...
SORRY, POPPA. I'M SORRY.


IT WAS AFTER DINNER THAT JURGENS SHOWED ME HIS GUN...
WISH YOU COULD SEE HER, MURDOCK. SHE'S A BEAUTY. REGULAR PEACE-MAKER.
AND DON'T YOU WORRY NONE. I GOT ME A LICENSE FOR THIS BABY. YES, SIR.
MY FAMILY'S PROTECTED.
YEAH, THAT JURGENS WAS A REAL TREAT.
BUT IT WAS HIS SON-- CHUCKIE--WHO INTERESTED ME. I HAD TO UNDERSTAND THE EFFECT I HAD ON HIM.
SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, I PAID HIM A VISIT, AT HIS SCHOOL...
NO--YOU DON'T REMEMBER, CAUSE BULLSEYE HIT YOU ON THE HEAD!
YOU'RE THE BLACK WIDOW-- AND I'M YOUR PARTNER, DAREDEVIL--
YOU'RE WEIRD, CHUCKIE!
C'MON-- LET'S GO PLAY!
YEAH. LET CHUCKIE GO FLY SOMEWHERE.
I CAN'T FLY.
BUT I CAN JUMP AROUND BUILDINGS LIKE--
CHUCKIE?
HE SEEMED TO BE A SWEET ENOUGH KID--MORE IN NEED OF SOME HONEST FUN THAN ANYTHING ELSE.
AND ME, I COULD'VE USED A ROUND OR TWO OF APPLAUSE.

SO I TOOK CHUCKIE ON THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE.
AW, DON'T STOP NOW!
YOU'RE DUE BACK AT SCHOOL, CHUCKIE.
YEAH, BUT... I MEAN, I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE!
I MEAN I BEEN YOU, SOMETIMES I AM, BUT I NEVER MET YOU!
AND YOU'RE MY HERO!
YEAH, YOU'RE EXCELLENT!
WHEN SOMEBODY GETS IN YOUR WAY, YOU GIVE IT TO THEM--
POW
NOBODY TELLS YOU WHAT TO DO!
YOU'RE FREE...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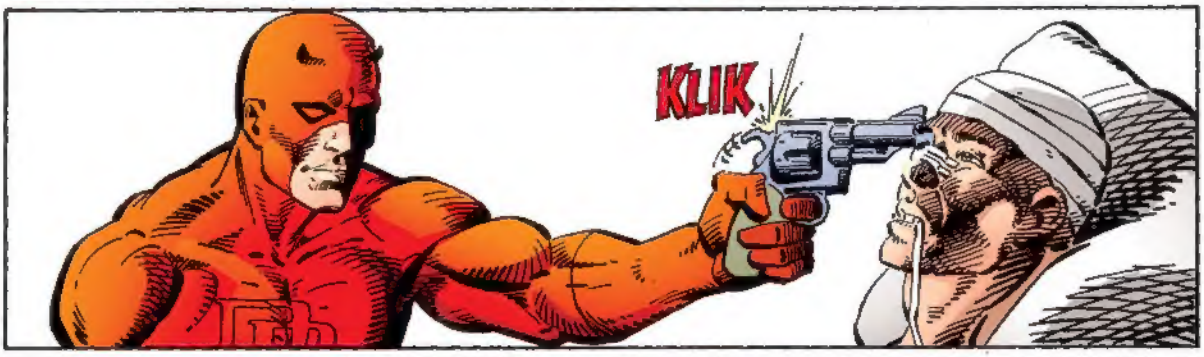
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THAT'S FOUR OUT OF SIX, BULLSEYE. WE'RE BOTH LUCKY SO FAR.
YOU KNOW, WHAT CHUCKIE SAID BOTHERED ME -- BUT NOT AS MUCH AS IT SHOULD HAVE.
I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN HIM *HELP.* *PROFESSIONAL* HELP.

FACT IS, I WAS *CHARMED,* NOT TO MENTION *THRILLED* TO FIND MYSELF ADMIRED.
SO THRILLED I DIDN'T LOOK TOO CLOSELY AT WHAT I WAS BEING ADMIRED *FOR.*

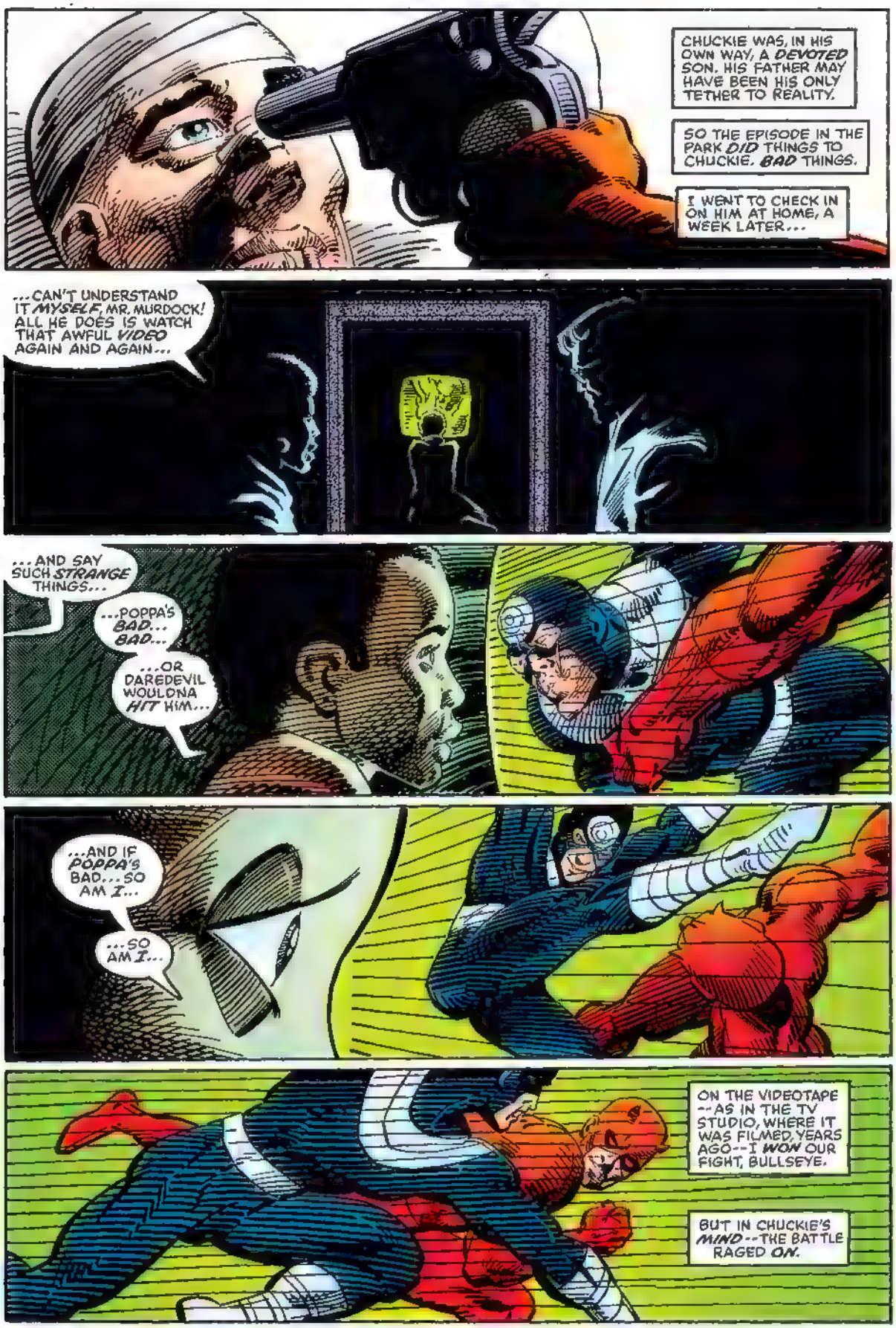
AND THE *LAST* THING I SHOULD HAVE DONE -- THE *VERY* LAST -- WAS TO *ENCOURAGE* CHUCKIE'S FANTASY.
THAT, I FOUND OUT WHEN I WENT TO QUESTION THE *PLAINTIFF* IN THE JURGENS CASE...

PSST! MURDOCK!
THINGS COULD GET ROUGH HERE. Y'BETTER HANG BACK.
CHUCKIE?!
DAREDEVIL. AND I'M ON THE PROWL, Y'SEE, THAT JUTTER GUY HAS IT IN FOR A GOOD GUY.
I'M GONNA CLEAR HIM.
CHUCKIE, YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME.
YOU'RE NOT DAREDEVIL. YOU CAN'T HELP YOUR DAD--
AM!
GET IN MY WAY, AND I'LL CLOBBER--
HUH?
CAR STARTING. IT'S JUTTER-- HE'S SKIPPING!
I BETTER--
GO HOME, CHUCKIE!
THEN I DO MY SECOND DUMB DEED FOR THE DAY. I WAS SO CURIOUS ABOUT WHERE JUTTER WAS GOING THIS LATE AT NIGHT THAT I FORGOT ABOUT CHUCKIE--
--AND DASHED OFF TO SWITCH TO DD.
UNFORTUNATELY, CHUCKIE DIDN'T NEED TO SWITCH.

KLIK
THAT'S FIVE.
LUCKY ME.
GUESS THIS IS IT, BULLSEYE. BUT I'D BETTER FINISH MY STORY FIRST.
JUTTER RODE TO CENTRAL PARK-- WHERE BOTH CHUCKIE AND I RAN INTO A BIT OF A SURPRISE...
WELL, MY FRIEND...
PERHAPS YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES?
YOU'RE TRYING TO SQUEEZE ME, JUTTER.
THE VOICE CONFIRMED THE IDENTITY OF THE ROUGH SILHOUETTE MY RADAR-SENSE PROVIDED ME...
JURGENS.
...POPPA!

GET IT, BULLSEYE? UNDERSTAND? JUTTER MEETS JURGENS, THEY TALK--
--AND IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO FIGURE OUT THAT, IN THIS CASE, NOBODY'S CLEAN.
EXCEPT CHUCKIE...
...BLACKMAIL IS WHAT IT'S CALLED, JURGENS. AND YOU'RE GONNA PAY IT.
ELSE I'M FOLLOWING MY ACCUSATIONS WITH THESE PHOTOSTATS.
WEASEL-- YOU WON'T.
YOU'LL JUST HAND THEM RIGHT OVER--
--OR I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
EH... YOU'RE JOKING...
POPPA! WHAT...
YOU--YOU GO ON HOME, BOY.
DO WHAT YOUR POPPA SAYS AND GO ON HOME.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, JURGENS?
SHOOT YOUR OWN CHILD?
I'LL SHOOT YOU--

I WAS COCKY--ANGRY. I TOOK MY TIME WITH JURGENS...
...MY THIRD DUMB MOVE.


CHUCKIE WAS, IN HIS OWN WAY, A DEVOTED SON. HIS FATHER MAY HAVE BEEN HIS ONLY TETHER TO REALITY.
SO THE EPISODE IN THE PARK DID THINGS TO CHUCKIE. BAD THINGS.
I WENT TO CHECK IN ON HIM AT HOME, A WEEK LATER...
...CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF, MR. MURDOCK! ALL HE DOES IS WATCH THAT AWFUL VIDEO AGAIN AND AGAIN...
...AND SAY SUCH STRANGE THINGS...
...POPPA'S BAD... BAD...
...OR DAREDEVIL WOULDNA HIT HIM...
...AND IF POPPA'S BAD...SO AM I...
...SO AM I...
ON THE VIDEOTAPE --AS IN THE TV STUDIO, WHERE IT WAS FILMED, YEARS AGO--I WON OUR FIGHT, BULLSEYE.
BUT IN CHUCKIE'S MIND--THE BATTLE RAGED ON.

HANK JURGENS' TRIAL COST HIS FAMILY EVERY CENT THEY HAD. SO I PUT UP THE MONEY FOR CHUCKIE'S PSYCHOTHERAPY.
MONTHS PASSED, AND WITH THEM, THE TRAUMA.
OR SO WE THOUGHT.
BUT THEN, ON THE DAY JURGENS WAS SENTENCED, ONE CRUEL CHILD MADE ONE REMARK TOO MANY--
--AND SOMETHING SNAPPED IN CHUCKIE'S MIND.
LORD ONLY KNOWS WHERE HE FOUND THE GUN...
...EVEN FOR CHILDREN, THEY'RE ALL TOO EASY TO COME BY.
IT WAS A 38
--JUST LIKE HIS POPPA'S.

WHICH RAISES THE QUESTION-- WHEN CHUCKIE PULLED THE TRIGGER, WAS HE HIS *FATHER*?--

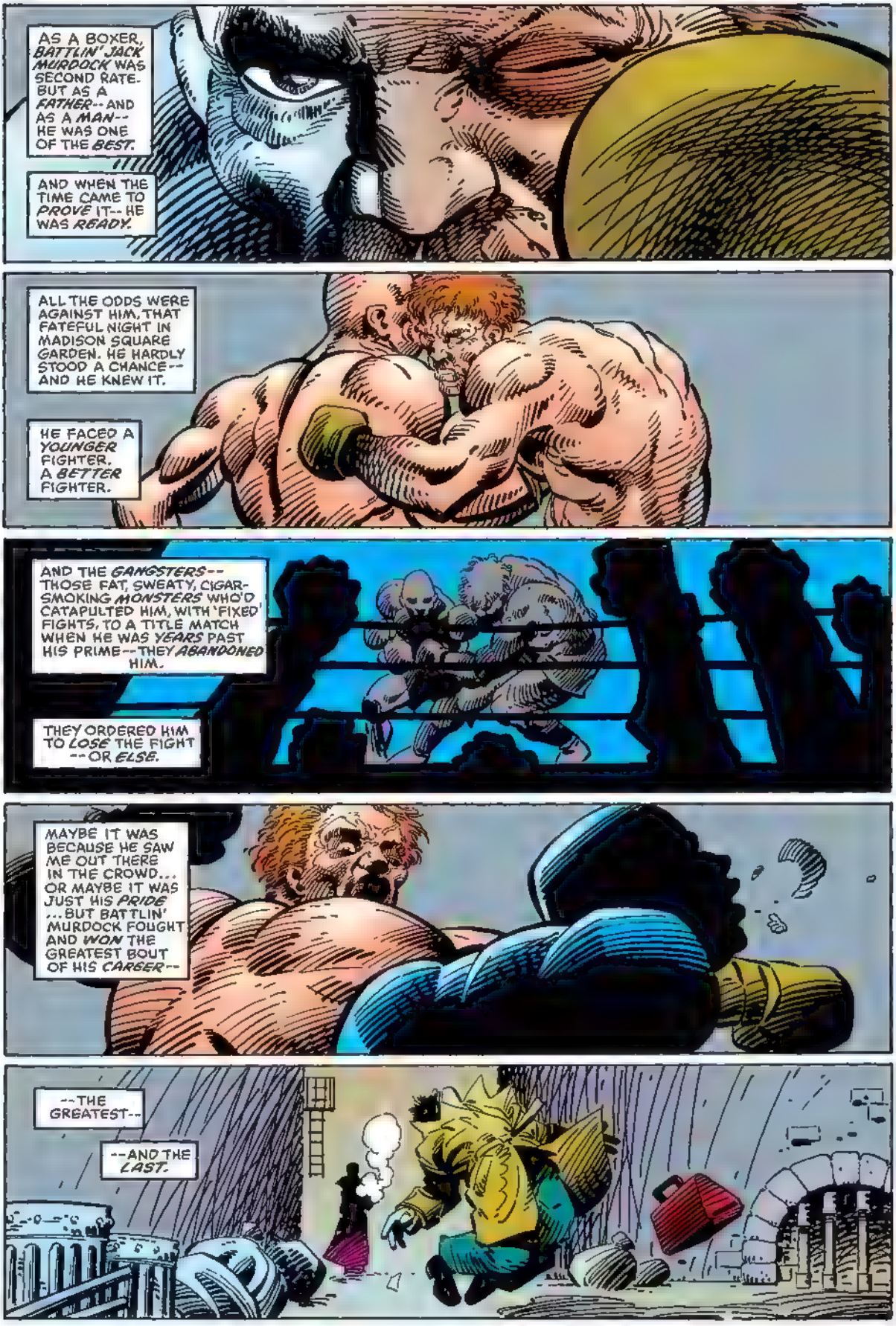
--OR WAS HE *YOU*, BULLSEYE?--

--OR WAS HE *ME*?

THE CHILD CHUCKIE SHOT *SURVIVED*, BY THE WAY. SO DID CHUCKIE...AFTER A FASHION.

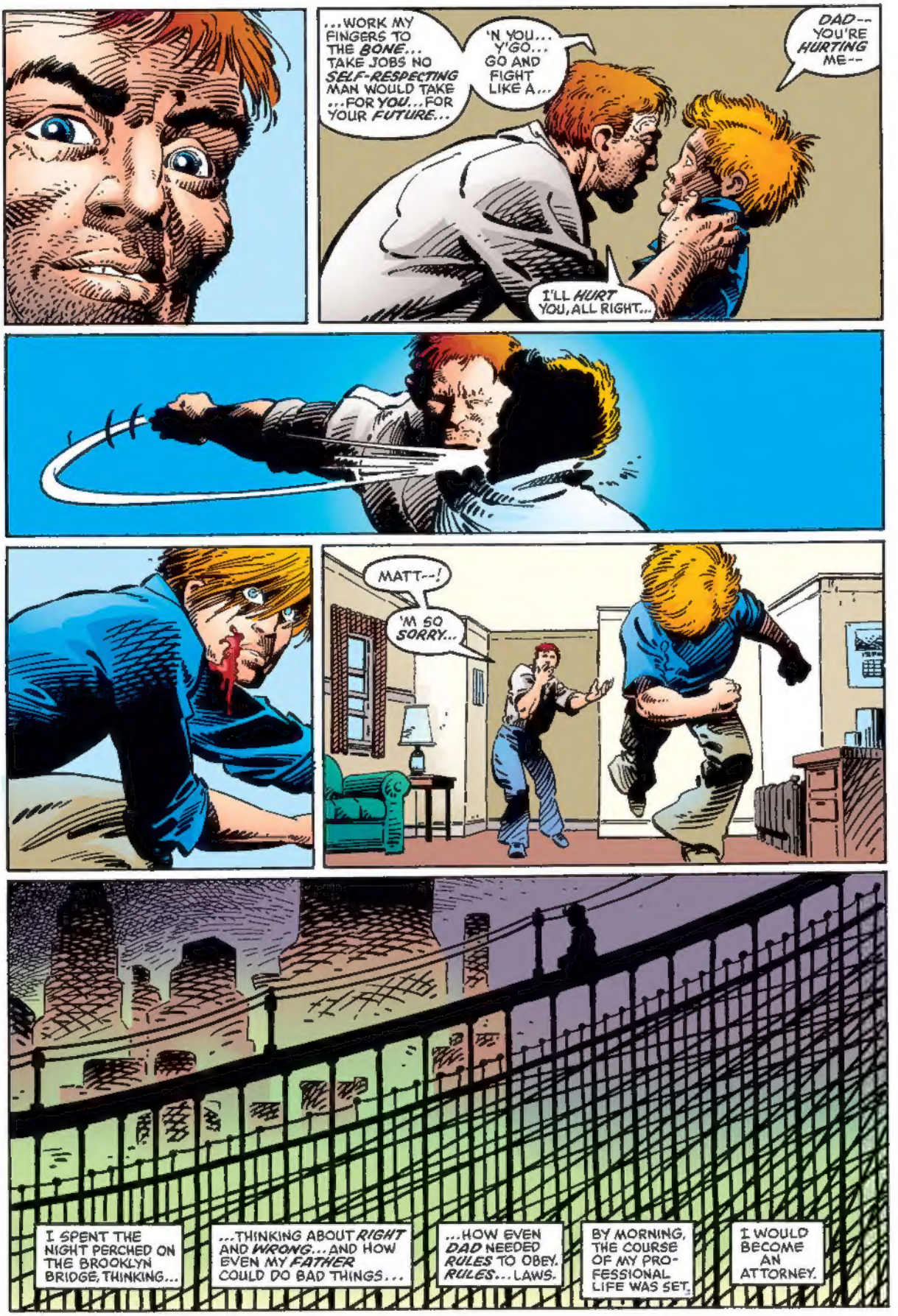
WE WON'T REALLY KNOW HOW CHUCKIE IS UNTIL HE STARTS TALKING AGAIN...

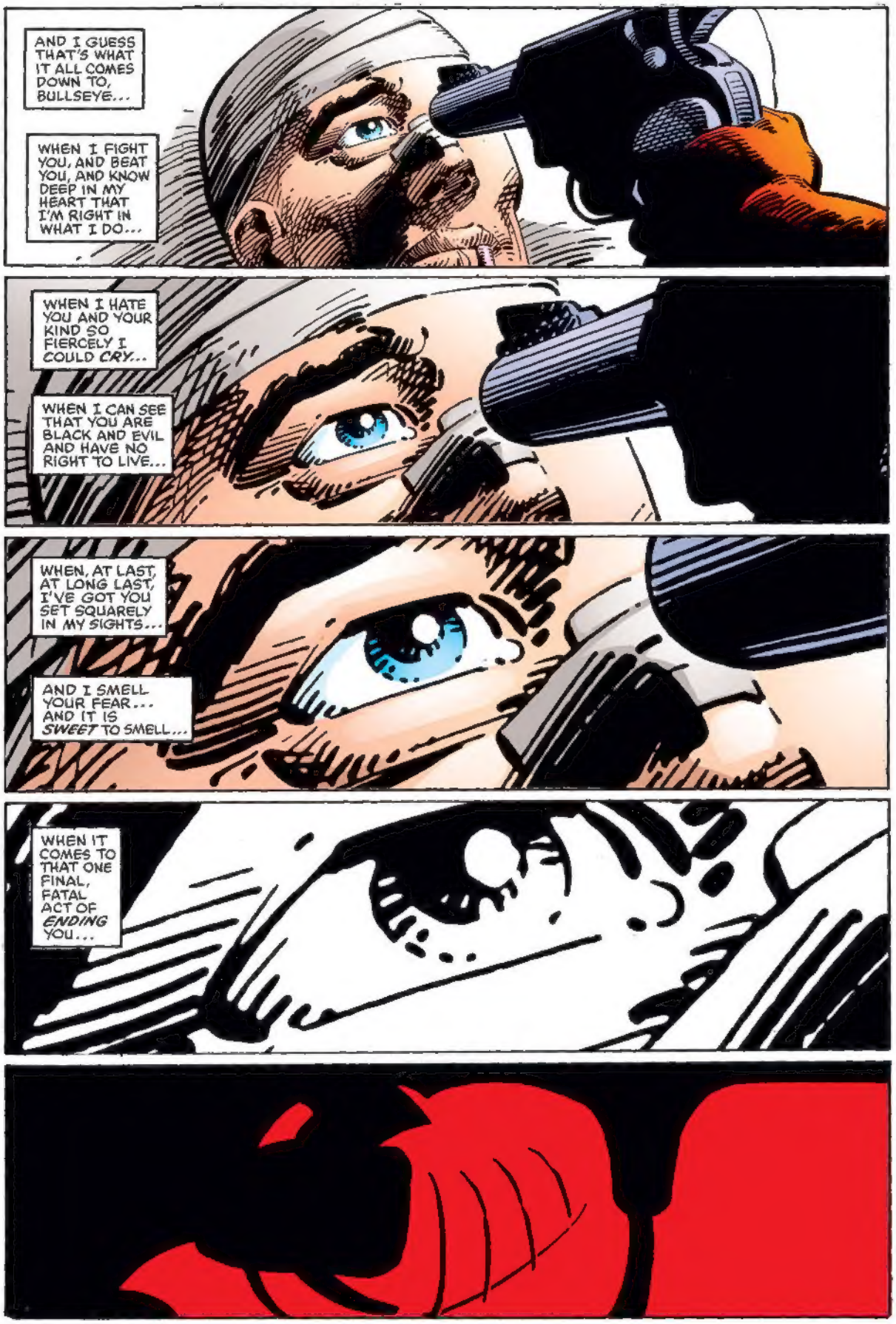
SO I KEEP ASKING MYSELF, AGAIN AND AGAIN...
...WHAT MADE CHUCKIE LIKE HE WAS?
WHAT AM I GIVING PEOPLE, BY RUNNING AROUND IN TIGHTS AND PUNCHING CROOKS? WHAT AM I SHOWING THEM?
AM I SHOWING THEM THAT GOOD WINS OUT, THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY, THAT THE CAVALRY IS ALWAYS ON ITS WAY--
--OR AM I SHOWING THEM THAT ANY IDIOT WITH FISTS FOR BRAINS CAN GET HIS WAY IF HE'S FAST ENOUGH AND STRONG ENOUGH AND MEAN ENOUGH?
AM I FIGHTING VIOLENCE--OR TEACHING IT?
OR AM I TO BLAME, AT ALL?
MAYBE ALL THE BLAME RESTS WITH CREATURES LIKE YOU... AND JURGENS...
PERHAPS... IF CHUCKIE HAD A FATHER LIKE MINE...
THERE WAS A MAN, BULLSEYE. HE MADE HIS SON PROUD.
IF NOT FOR HIM--THERE NEVER WOULD'VE BEEN A DAREDEVIL.
YOU SEE, THE AMPLIFIED SENSES--THOSE I HAD, FOR YEARS BEFORE I BECAME DAREDEVIL.
AND THE FIGHTING SKILLS, THE ACROBATICS --THEY'RE JUST TOOLS.
BUT THE MAN--HE HAD TO BE INSPIRED.


AS A BOXER, BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK WAS SECOND RATE. BUT AS A FATHER--AND AS A MAN--HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST.
AND WHEN THE TIME CAME TO PROVE IT--HE WAS READY.
ALL THE ODDS WERE AGAINST HIM, THAT FATEFUL NIGHT IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. HE HARDLY STOOD A CHANCE--AND HE KNEW IT.
HE FACED A YOUNGER FIGHTER. A BETTER FIGHTER.
AND THE GANGSTERS--THOSE FAT, SWEATY, CIGAR-SMOKING MONSTERS WHO'D CATAPULTED HIM, WITH 'FIXED' FIGHTS, TO A TITLE MATCH WHEN HE WAS YEARS PAST HIS PRIME--THEY ABANDONED HIM.
THEY ORDERED HIM TO LOSE THE FIGHT --OR ELSE.
MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE HE SAW ME OUT THERE IN THE CROWD... OR MAYBE IT WAS JUST HIS PRIDE ...BUT BATTLIN' MURDOCK FOUGHT AND WON THE GREATEST BOUT OF HIS CAREER--
--THE GREATEST--
--AND THE LAST.

HE DIED--AND SHOWED ME WHAT A MAN IS, BULLSEYE.
THAT'S WHEN I PUT ON THIS COSTUME AND BEGAN MY ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME.
IN ALL THE YEARS THAT HAVE PASSED, I'VE HELD HIS IMAGE BEFORE ME... SHINING, UNTARNISHED...
...I'M A LIAR.
MY FATHER... WAS FAR FROM THE BEST. OH, HE TRIED--VERY, VERY HARD
BUT HE WAS FAR FROM THE BEST.
THERE'S ANOTHER STORY--ANOTHER PIECE OF MY LIFE, BURIED DEEP, KEPT FROM EVEN THOSE I'VE HELD CLOSE.
BEFORE...LONG BEFORE HE DIED...WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY...DAD MADE ME PROMISE TO STUDY--TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF, IN A RESPECTABLE PROFESSION.
MOSTLY, HE MADE ME PROMISE NEVER TO FIGHT--SO AFRAID, HE WAS, THAT I'D END UP LIKE HIM.
IT WAS TOUGH, KEEPING THE PROMISE. AND ONCE--JUST ONCE--I FAILED.

I WAS CHUCKIE'S AGE WHEN IT HAPPENED ...WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL...
HEY-- MATTIE BOY! WHY DONTCHA PLAY WITH US?
AW, LEAVE OL' DAREDEVIL MURDOCK ALONE. HE'S GOTTA READ.
PLEASE-- THAT BOOK--
--IT'S EXPENSIVE--
OOOOOOOH! 'SPENSIVE!
TELL YA WHAT, WIMPO. I'LL GIVE IT RIGHT BACK ATCHA...
STYMIE --DAD PAID FOR THAT BOOK WITH THE LAST MONEY HE HAD!
DONTCHA WORRY, MATTIE BOY. SAID I'D GIVE IT BACK ATCHA. AND HERE IT COMES...
PAGE ONE...
RRIPP
PAGE TWO...
Y'CRUMMY--
OWWW!
FIGHT! WE GOT A FIGHT!
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER LOST MY TEMPER.
FELT GREAT.
BUT WHEN I GOT HOME, DAD WAS DRUNK...
WHU... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, MATT? THE KIDS...?
YOU OUGHTTA SEE THEM, DAD!
STYMIE'S GOT A SHINER --AND I THINK I BROKE JOCKO'S NOSE!


...WORK MY FINGERS TO THE BONE... TAKE JOBS NO SELF-RESPECTING MAN WOULD TAKE ...FOR YOU...FOR YOUR FUTURE...
'N YOU... Y'GO... GO AND FIGHT LIKE A...
DAD-- YOU'RE HURTING ME--
I'LL HURT YOU, ALL RIGHT...
MATT--!
'M SO SORRY...
I SPENT THE NIGHT PERCHED ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, THINKING...
...THINKING ABOUT RIGHT AND WRONG...AND HOW EVEN MY FATHER COULD DO BAD THINGS...
...HOW EVEN DAD NEEDED RULES TO OBEY. RULES...LAWS.
BY MORNING, THE COURSE OF MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE WAS SET.
I WOULD BECOME AN ATTORNEY.


AND I GUESS THAT'S WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO, BULLSEYE...
WHEN I FIGHT YOU, AND BEAT YOU, AND KNOW DEEP IN MY HEART THAT I'M RIGHT IN WHAT I DO...
WHEN I HATE YOU AND YOUR KIND SO FIERCELY I COULD *CRY*...
WHEN I CAN SEE THAT YOU ARE BLACK AND EVIL AND HAVE NO RIGHT TO LIVE...
WHEN, AT LAST, AT LONG LAST, I'VE GOT YOU SET SQUARELY IN MY SIGHTS...
AND I SMELL YOUR FEAR... AND IT IS *SWEET* TO SMELL...
WHEN IT COMES TO THAT ONE FINAL, FATAL ACT OF *ENDING* YOU...

KLIK
...MY GUN HAS NO BULLETS.

GUESS WE'RE STUCK WITH EACH OTHER, BULLSEYE.